

# THE RCM MAGAZINE



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# THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE

*A Journal for PAST &  
PRESENT STUDENTS and  
FRIENDS of THE ROYAL COLLEGE  
OF MUSIC, and Official Organ  
of THE R.C.M. UNION..*

*'The Letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth Life.'*





## Editorial

*"A creditable thing to be concerned in."*—JOHNSON

Nobody seems to have remarked the fact that Volume IX. of the R.C.M. Magazine was completed and issued to an expectant and admiring world of Collegians without the usual index to the whole volume on the final page. To be frank, the Editor himself only discovered the omission when it occurred to him that some summary of what the Magazine did in Volume IX. might be the happiest way of introducing Volume X. As readers have either not missed it or not felt the loss sufficiently acutely to complain, we need not apologize. If necessary, we might truthfully enter a defence that the last number was so crowded that there was no page to spare for what after all is a mere catalogue, and is contained in the contents sheet at the beginning of each number.

Let us, however, make good the omission by taking a glance at the finished volume. Its news of doings inside the College, of concerts and opera, and activities of the Union, and the outside doings of that indefatigable creature "the Royal Collegian Abroad," is too many-sided to be analysed. It is a fairly big record. Its special articles too have not only covered a good many pages, but have been, we dare to think, what American journalists call "live" articles. Dr Vaughan Williams began by discussing with all the fervour of personal experience the problems of the British Composer; Mr C. L. Graves ended the volume with a delightful article of reminiscences from the point of view of a listener to music. Mr Kerridge took us for a musical trip on the Continent, and Mr Douglas Tayler charmed us with his poetic fancies in prose and verse. Mr E. F. Brown delivered his soul upon the Wagnerian drama, and the same number gave a spirited account of a football match in which the College beat the R.A.M., five goals to two. Mr Visetti, in a pretty Italian poem, immortalised a young lady (aged 6), who counts many Collegians among her admirers. The Volume contained reviews of books by Mr Plunket Greene, Mr Martin Shaw, Dr C. B. Rootham, and of poetry by Mr Fritz Hart. There have been capital snapshots of popular professors; Mr Garcia, Mr Franklin Taylor and, last and best of all, the Director in the act of directing—not the Royal College of Music, but his beloved yacht, "The Wanderer."

## Mr Pownall

Readers of the Magazine will be pleased to have the excellent portrait of Mr Pownall that appears in this number ; but they will learn with the greatest regret that he has thought it well to resign his post as Registrar ; a post which he has filled—every member of the College knows with what distinction—since April, 1896.

A year of more or less acute ill-health has made him decide that it would be best to take life rather less arduously, and to give up the burden of the Registrar's post, which is no light one.

It seems almost an impertinence to attempt to express what he has been to the College and its members during the years that he has been there. His kindly, genial, sympathetic presence has gladdened us so constantly ; his wide outlook on life has taught us so many lessons, that, quite apart from the immense value of his actual work for the College, we all feel (and past members of the College will feel it quite as acutely) that we have been blest with the presence and companionship of a very rare personality, which we shall sorely miss.

Everyone will rejoice to hear that he will still live in London, and that he intends to keep in close touch with the College ; and, indeed, we feel that we could not possibly allow it to be otherwise ! He takes with him the warm and affectionate good wishes of every member of the College, past and present.

## Director's Address

(SEPTEMBER 25, 1913)

*"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
Nor in the glistering foil  
Set off to the world nor in broad rumour lies,  
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,  
And perfect witness of all-judging love."*

MILTON.

These gatherings of ours are very exhilarating, especially after long holidays ; and it seems almost a shame to check your hearty spirits ; but when there are sad and serious things to be faced it is much better to face them at once and not to defer them, as if they were of secondary moment. The College has sustained a very great loss in the last few days, and the fact that the loss is rather out of the range of your familiar interests, impels me to lay more stress on it. But let me say at the outset that I do not want to damp your healthy cheerfulness by lugubrious reflections. A good deal of our attitude in relation to the endings of human lives is





MR FRANK POWNALL





mainly conventional ; and except in the case of close friends and beloved relatives it is the conventional trappings of appropriate woefulness that are depressing. Of course we must sympathize heartily with those on whom a loss falls most heavily, but it is no proof of sincerity to make show of being stupefied with grief. We can be serious and sympathize bravely and cheerfully. There are always compensations, and we all of us have to give up our spell of life in a more or less short time ; and if we reflect on it a little we realize that it emphasizes the fact of our mutual dependence ; and that the life of human kind is really a continuous thing from the earliest days when we can get news of human beings on this little earth, and that each individual is only a link in a hugely long chain.

No doubt there are not many of you who had much personal contact with Mr Broadbelt or are able to estimate the very important position he occupied in the College, or how much he ministered to the well-being and smooth working of things which concerned you intimately. But that makes it all the more desirable that for once in a way you should have an opportunity of realizing such things. A great deal of the most important and useful work that is done in the world is done by people who do not catch the public eye, and are hardly known by name to many who profit greatly by their services. The permanent officials in the Government Offices, for instance, practically run the country in every department of its organized activity ; but their names are hardly ever taken any notice of by the big public, who are deeply impressed by the speech-making of their own party orators, and are content to ignore the extent to which they are dependent on the obscure permanent officials. So it is with us. Mr Broadbelt was head of those devoted and strenuous people who work away ceaselessly day after day in the Offices of the College ; where the machinery of the place is kept in good working order, and the complicated puzzles of enabling pupils to have their lessons with their professors at the hours which suit both the interested parties are solved, and the tangles of examination-schemes are unravelled, and everybody is kept as far as possible in comfort and good humour.

Thoughtless and self-absorbed young people are apt to think such things unimportant. In fact, they are even generally unaware of them. As long as things go all right it does not occur to them that some useful people are engaged in making them go all right. As a matter of fact

it is the splendid work which is done for the College in the Offices which makes its artistic activities possible and fruitful. The people in the Offices have always been ready to tide the College over an emergency at the sacrifice of themselves, and the man who had the longest spell of such work, and has done more than anyone connected with the College in these ways, was Mr W. L. Broadbelt, who had to undergo a serious operation on the 10th of this month and whose spell of life came to an end on the 16th.

I must give you a little of his history, as his connection with the College extends over the whole of its life up till now. He began working for it before it came into existence in 1883, helping in the organization. Then he continued helping Mr Watson, the first Registrar, unofficially for years; and was appointed permanently on the Office Staff in 1889. So it came about that he saw all the phases of the history of the College, its early successes, its crises and its occasional misfortunes, and was the last surviving link (among the actual Officials) with the times when there was no College in existence. He had worked with all the men whose names are worth recalling in connection with the College; with Lord Charles Bruce, with the beloved first Director, Sir George Grove, during the ticklish times of its early history, and with the devoted first Registrar, Mr George Watson; and when that self-sacrificing Officer practically destroyed his health with extravagant work and died suddenly, he stepped into the breach and was to all intents Registrar and Head Clerk as well, till Mr Pownall was appointed. His knowledge of all the technicalities of the organisation of the College was wonderful. He was always ready beforehand when any College function was due, and knew exactly how it was to be dealt with—always clear-headed, helpful, single-hearted in his work, ready for any emergency, never making difficulties—sympathetic—reasonable. Even when under the heaviest strain I never saw him the least ruffled or out of humour. He always had a kindly and pleasant smile whatever difficulties presented themselves. No public Institution ever had a better or more reliable man in such a position of responsibility, and all of us who have been working with him for years had a genuine affection for him; and we shall miss him for all the rest of our working spell here.

But though we feel the parting and the sudden loss of such a valuable helper of the College, we can at the same time feel glad that his life's work was so honourably complete. As a matter of mere fact, he had



offered his resignation at the end of last term ; so that though we should have gone on consulting him and getting help from him when any difficulties or questions of administration cropped up his Official life was practically ended. It was rounded off and ready for all men that might be so minded to appraise at its true value. I confess to a sense of exhilaration whenever I meet with a human life which can be contemplated fully and frankly with the certainty of its true quality being untarnished. It soon mitigates the bitterness of the ending of personal relations. When people have led senseless, silly, unprofitable lives, and come to the end in the hope that some heaven or other will make good their failure here, we have good reason to be sorry. But when a man's life has been really well spent, we can be glad that he had enough time to find out how to make a good thing of it and spend it with advantage. Every life so spent strengthens the spirit of those who are in contact with it. It is not merely an example which is serviceable for moral purposes. Devotion is contagious. When you are constantly in touch with someone who is doing what he has got to do with all his might and never shuffling or shirking, you can hardly help doing the same. It sets up a sort of standard which one is ashamed to fall below.

The effect is very different from that produced by moral examples, because it is produced by actual living contact, and by the effect of a real human relation between one person and another. As a rule, people who are held up as moral examples of exemplary living set up a perverse impulse to rebel and to criticise in those to whom they are recommended, especially if the latter have any independent spirit. They are only too pleased to be able to persuade themselves that such examples are humbugs or prigs. The impulse in people of spirit to develop their lives in their own way, which is the source of individuality, gives them a distaste for virtues that are recommended on the basis of moral examples. They are even sometimes driven into mischief by the unpalatable form in which virtues are presented to them ; and it is not so much their fault as the fault of the uninspiring and unconvincing manner in which the people who recommend them present the examples of virtuous action.

To be genuinely and effectually impressed by any man one needs to know him in his entirety, with all his weaknesses or perversities or inevitable difficulties of disposition, and to have an adequate opportunity to see how he contended with such drawbacks and maintained the general

tenour of an honourable and helpful life in spite of them. Shining virtuous actions may be tokens of a sound and generous disposition, but they are not the things which other people can endeavour to emulate with success, because the exact conditions will not be so obliging as to recur. It is the general spirit of a man's life that is important, not the incidents. What may be heroic in one situation may be the very reverse in another. The unintelligent creature who tries to do what some saintly person has been reported to do, because he was told some saintly person did it, is merely a futile nonentity. He is not doing it because it is his nature so to do, or for any genuine or fine impulse, but too often because it feeds his self-complacency ; or because he hopes for pats on the back from his guides and spiritual advisers, who understand the deeper aspects of life as little as he does.

Individual virtuous actions are indeed the accidents and superfluities of a life which is running clear and clean below them. If people are to be made high-minded, generous, energetic, single-hearted, and honourable, it seems best to keep these concrete individual actions in the back ground. Concrete illustrations are always liable to be exasperating. Every human being has to be virtuous after his own fashion. No two men have the same temptations, no two men's relations with other men are the same. The proportion of primitive instinct which leads men astray to the intelligence and understanding which might keep them straight, is never the same in any two human beings whatever. They are so differently apportioned to different individuals that what we regard as a surprising piece of unexpected decency in one man we should regard as rather degrading in another, and as below what we should have expected of him. It is the knowledge we get by experience which enables us to gauge our fellow men in such respects, and to see in what particular direction they have difficulties to contend with in themselves ; and our estimate of their worth depends on the extent to which they persistently endeavour to get the better of their mischievous impulses. We often love people who are full of faults when we see they determine not to be beaten by them, and occasionally startle us by some generous and unselfish thought or action ; and we love much less a man whose outfit of temptations is not so plentiful, but who cynically and often consciously yields to them on every provocation. We can even honour the former and feel that the sum total of him inspires us, while the latter only makes us shudder and avoid him.



It is often the drawback of people who are offered to us as examples that we become oppressed by their virtues. The people who recommend them often think that any betrayal of the other side of their history will weaken the impression they want to make. And they are obviously wrong. It is the whole man we want to know and not only the shining part of him; and then we can honour him and learn from his story with confidence.

But on the other hand, there are men whose steadfastness and devotion we can honour without stint as they are shown by the general sense of their careers. When I hold up Mr Broadbelt's career to you as a thing worthy to honour, I am not afraid of seeming to propose to you an example. Your lines of life and work are not likely to be at all similar to his. His career was quite an exceptional one. But the spirit of it which we honour is not a concrete example, but the evidence of a devoted and honourable character, which warms one to think of. Such qualities are of general application, and bear fruit in helping other men to live up to a like honourable standard in things that fit their diverse lines of life, and spread an atmosphere of good sense and open-mindedness which keep whole groups of human beings in healthy spiritual condition.

We have been fortunate in having many such people at the College among the professors and teachers, and among the Office Staff, and among the pupils; and though as time passes by many of them are gathered by the reaper or pass out of our immediate ken, I believe there are still many among us yet, and for all I can see, the average condition of the spiritual atmosphere is hopeful. I say hopeful, because no one can quite gauge the caprices of the human mind or forecast with certainty the strange eddies which affect the moods and attitudes of mind of large groups of human beings. The best constituted schemes can be upset by some incalculable and apparently trifling trend of perversity. The progress of a healthy organization may be turned into some unprofitable channel by a flaw of unfavourable wind which no one could have anticipated. At no time and under no conditions is any human organization settled and absolutely safe. We can never sit down and take things easy with the idea that we need not be always exerting ourselves to keep things alive and healthy. Change is the one thing that is always inevitable, and if change is not watched, things can easily change downwards. But on

the other hand, it is change which makes things interesting. Directly people lapse into ruts and mechanical habits and do not keep vigorously alive interest flags.

Moreover, one needs to watch things from many points of view to approximate to constant safety. It is as well to remember that things do not look the same when you are a little way off as they do when you are in the middle of them. I do not know if you have ever seen a first-rate painter at work on a big picture and have noticed, when he has been working away for a long time with his brushes with his nose close to the canvas, how he will now and then draw his head away and try to get a more comprehensive view of what he has been doing, and even at times walk all about his studio to get his work from many points of view. It is a very useful thing to do whatever you are engaged upon—whether it is that you are learning some difficult new work and concentrating your mind upon details, or whether you are composing some colossal masterpiece, and have been a good deal occupied with the details of a second horn part, or the accidentals in a remote modulation. The people who hear your performance or your composition will not be so deeply conscious of the details as of the impression which the whole or its more spacious parts make upon them ; and it is as well at times to try to get something of the same view yourselves. It is always useful to get someone else's point of view of anything we are doing. Too close a point of view is always deceptive. We magnify the value of small excellencies, of the little things which appeal to us personally from habit and familiarity, or because we pride ourselves individually that such little details have been successfully done. People who belong to a place like the College are liable to see its qualities too much from the inside, from the point of view of their daily experiences, and it is very difficult to see it as it appears from a wider point of view. And, moreover, it is worth remembering that when we compare it with other institutions of like kind, we are doing it on a fallacious basis ; for we judge our own interests at close quarters, and the institutions we compare them with from a different point of view ; that is, from a good way off.

Owing to perverse circumstances I might have had opportunities of late of seeing the College from a little further off than usual. But the daily communications I had from several kind people, which were quite invaluable in themselves and very comforting, still kept me in close



touch with the life of the place, and my point of view was consequently rather mixed. But I could still get some idea of what it looked like to people who are a little way off. And I may confess that I found very little to be discontented about, and not a little which really surprised me. I could see that in its general aspect it was tremendously alive, and that it really is developing something substantial in the way of live tradition, which keeps people genuinely keen to do things for themselves and not for the sake of making splashes and being taken notice of. And it seemed to me as though the general attitude to the world outside was frank and generous, and eager to understand—as though the College was looking for the best that was to be found in the world of life and art, and ready to welcome it; and not trying to enhance its position by belittling and misrepresenting things which might bring honour to people outside its borders.

That is one of the most hopeful things one can see anywhere. It is the people who are not doing first rate work and are not applying themselves whole-heartedly to get the best out of themselves, who are always finding fault with other people. We know the type of person who always contrives to find an interpretation of other people's actions which makes them appear ignoble, and selfish and dishonest. There are hardly any things that any man can do which are not capable of being made to look ugly or beautiful by the interpretation that is put on them. The most transparent devotion can be made to look mean and sordid, and the fruit of some ignoble motive; and the crookedest scheming can be made to look heroic.

Some people attribute divine motives to everything that people do who are allied with or associated with themselves; and wickedness and dishonesty to everything that is done by the folks who are supposed to be on the other side. The most obvious illustrations are of course in politics; where we see that when anything is done on one side it is all that it should be to the people on the same side, but if it was done by anyone on the other side, the whole nation is invited to explode in virtuous fury and loathing at its vileness. But the same absurdity happens in small things as well as in great; and all the while it is not a proof of wilful dishonesty or falseness, but merely of short-sightedness and lack of understanding. The person who is most likely to be right is the one who looks for the best motive that can explain even an apparently base action.

People say over much trustfulness is liable to be abused ; and it must be confessed that there are occasions when men who have misconceived their place in the world, and have become mischievous, have to have direct and unfriendly language. But all the same, the world and the people that live in it get on better if they are dealt with in a spirit of goodwill. Men sometimes become hopelessly vicious and impracticable because they do not find any encouragement to be otherwise. If a man's impulses are ever so perverse it is always conceivable that he may act rightly if he finds someone expects him to. A big Institution, like an individual, can have an air of frankness and generosity. In the first place, it is a sign of health ; and in the second it is a proof of capacity to see the true merit of things that are well done apart from self interest. To fight for one's own hand because it is one's apparent interest is getting quite out of date and old-fashioned. It daily becomes more easy to see through.

Yet in these days when men are abandoning all the ancient standards under the impression that they are mere formalities and barren dogmas, it becomes more and more difficult to discern what is grounded on honest intention. There are so many who are crying out ceaselessly that their new way is the only way ; and we guess from their overmuch protesting that it is nothing of the sort. Yet we can afford to be patient, for we know that if it is imposture the world will in due time find it out. The many who are swayed hither and thither by novel sensations and noisy advertisement are unstable, and soon forget the subjects of their own fervent worship ; while the few who understand are steadfast and keep to what they know is good, and win the day in the end.

Nature is proverbially wasteful, and a vast amount of energy is always being expended on things that are destined to futility. But after all it is better to be ardent and eager than merely conventional. Discoveries are sometimes made by men who seem to the world in general to be taking altogether the wrong road. The finer temperaments and the natures full of vitality must always press on. It is when they are not imbued with the essence of live tradition that they go astray, and this they may do through lack of opportunity as well as through lack of will. But even then there is more hope of getting something out of their vagaries than is to be got out of the barren complacency of those who are wedded to ease and comfort, and to the old wives'





dates have to be chosen to suit the convenience of the hostesses. So it sometimes happens that no drawing-room is available at the time when a party would be due according to the Union routine.

#### LIST OF MEMBERS AND ADDRESS BOOK.

The List of Members' names and addresses is now so much used by Union Members and the various departments at the College, that it is more than ever important to all concerned that it should be as accurate as possible. Members are therefore urged to send any changes or corrections of address to the Hon. Secretaries for insertion in the new List which will be published in the spring.

#### SUBSCRIPTIONS.

It seems almost ungracious to refer to this subject when so many Members have paid their subscriptions to the Union for the year 1913-14 with promptitude. But for the sake of those who have not yet done so, we venture to point out again this year the following Regulations of the General Committee:—

- (1). No Magazines can be forwarded to Members whose subscriptions are more than three months overdue.
- (2). *Default of Subscription does not constitute a resignation.* Only those resignations can be considered as valid which have been duly notified in writing to the Hon. Secretaries.

MARION M. SCOTT	}	<i>Hon. Secretaries</i>
A. BEATRIX DARNELL		

### The Opera

*"Let us every one go home,  
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;  
Sir John and all."*

SHAKESPEARE (The Merry Wives of Windsor).

There must have been many fires, but town ones rather than country ones, by which the sport was laughed over again on the night of November 28. For when a thoroughly successful performance is over, whether it is a football match or a comic opera, the whole thing turns to sport in the memory of those who took part in it. The worries, the hard work, the

hitches in rehearsal, the small mistakes (which after all nobody noticed), if they are remembered at all are remembered merely as good jokes, which add to the zest of the one fact which matters—the success of the whole thing.

Everybody at the performance of "Falstaff" in His Majesty's Theatre, caught the infection of the fun which Verdi and Boito extracted from Shakespeare's comedy and translated with exquisite adroitness into an opera. And what fun it is! No mere rough-and-tumble boisterousness, (though the story itself, robbed of Shakespeare's language, might easily degenerate into that, as it did in Nicolai's setting), but keen wit and sly rippling humour, which makes one laugh, not only at the spectacle of a fat old man put into a basket of dirty clothes and thrown into the river or rolled upon the ground in Windsor Forest, but at, and with the characters themselves, their humanity, their merriment and their absurdity.

Verdi, of course, is responsible for that. Those who have studied his score week after week for this performance must have felt his extraordinary power of bringing out the essential point of each situation. A phrase of melody amongst the singer's declamation, a high harmonic on the violins, a flashing chord on the brass, and heaven knows what beside, come in each at the right moment, not just to make an effect, but to point the feeling of the situation. In a thousand ways he shows himself a superb musical dramatist.

But every dramatist is dependent upon his interpreters, unless they understand him his work is wasted or at least badly mutilated, and it was the perfect understanding existing through all departments which made this one of the most brilliant operatic performances which the College has ever given. Verdi's "Falstaff" has been done twice before, once at the Lyceum and once at His Majesty's, but though on the earlier occasions, especially the first, the cast contained some exceptionally fine singers who have since become famous, we do not think that there has ever been this complete understanding of the music and of each other, amongst principals, chorus and orchestra, which made this one so delightful to see and hear. The fact is that the work was so thoroughly assimilated that the thing produced the impression of pure sport not only to be laughed over afterwards, but to be enjoyed in the act of doing it.

It was a capital cast. Someone in the audience whispered that Falstaff might have been fatter. So he might. Mr Allen's voice also might have



been bigger, but we hardly think that the increase in either direction could have made him more of a Falstaff than he was. He was always what the Americans would call 'right there,' in singing, in expression, in gesture. Mr Mann (Ford) and Mr Chilley (Dr Caius) both sang and acted with untiring energy, and both were particularly good in the difficult scene where they make up their minds that Falstaff and Mrs Ford are behind the screen. It is a moment where inexperienced actors are apt to fuss under the mistaken impression that the action is hanging fire, but these two kept their heads. Mr Walters and Mr Saull (Bardolph and Pistol) also showed good sense in not overdoing the low-comedy business, but they were a little inclined to lapse into absent-minded sobriety when there was nothing to remind them of their state of intoxication. We were not quite sure that Mr Hardy Williamson (Fenton) was having quite as good a time as the others, even though he had in Miss Clara Simons a most charming Anne to make love to and sing with. The tenor has a way of getting left out of the fun, but of course he cannot have everything. When he was not singing (and he sang very well) Mr Williamson looked and moved, made his entrances and exits rather as though he knew he had not much to do with the story. Miss Winifred Cooper (Mistress Ford) was the life and soul of the ladies' quartet, and she made them lay their schemes and carry them out with the utmost vivacity while she sang with constant musical beauty. Miss Alice Gear (Mistress Page) was an admirable second to her, and Miss Marjorie Lockey (Dame Quickly) excelled by the quality of her voice and her assumption of demureness in the scenes in which she lured Falstaff into the snare.

When at last the curtain fell on the merry crowd singing 'all the world's a stage,' one could only wish that the College world were more often a stage. So good a thing, one felt, ought not to be seen once, merely to be put aside and forgotten.

## FALSTAFF

### LYRICAL COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

By ARRIGO BOITO.

Composed by GIUSEPPE VERDI.

(English Version by W. BEATTY KINGSTON).

#### *Characters—*

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF	..	..	..	WILLIAM R. ALLEN, A.R.C.M. (Student)
FENTON (a Young Gentleman)	..	..	..	J. HARDY WILLIAMSON (Scholar)
FORD (a wealthy Burgher)	..	..	..	SAMUEL MANN (Student)

DR CAIUS (a Physician)	.. ..	VICTOR R. CHILLEY (Student)
BARDOLPH	.. ..	T. GLYN WALTERS (Scholar)
PISTOL	.. ..	WALTER J. SAULL (Scholar)
MISTRESS FORD	.. ..	WINIFRED F. COOPER (Scholar)
ANNE (her Daughter)	.. ..	CLARA M. SIMONS (Exhibitioner)
MISTRESS PAGE	.. ..	ALICE G. GEAR (Scholar)
DAME QUICKLY	.. ..	MARJORIE V. LOCKEY, A.R.C.M. (Student)

STAGE DIRECTOR—MR CAIRNS JAMES

Chorus Master—MR HAROLD SAMUEL

Dances arranged by MR B. SOUTTEN

Conductor—

SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L., M.A., Mus. Doc.

## College Concerts

"It was my part at this feast to play upon my instrument, and I have done all I could."

RABINDRANATH TAGORE (Gitanjali).

Thursday, October 23 (Chamber).

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| <p>1. QUARTET for Strings, in D major, op. 11<br/><i>Tchaikovsky</i><br/>DORA GARLAND (Scholar)<br/>JESSIE STEWART (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.<br/>SYBIL MATORIN, A.R.C.M.<br/>JOHN K. SNOWDEN (Scholar)</p> <p>2. SONGS .. a. Selve amiche .. <i>Caldara</i><br/>.. b. The Swan .. <i>Grieg</i><br/>CONSTANCE M. BAILEY</p> <p>3. SONATA for Pianoforte &amp; Violin, in F major,<br/>op. 24 .. <i>Beethoven</i><br/>GEORGE T. BALL (Exhibitioner)<br/>MARGARET STODDART (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.</p> <p>4. SONGS .. a. Verborgenheit .. <i>Hugo Wolf</i><br/>.. b. Standchen, op. 106, No. 1 .. <i>Brahms</i><br/>WILLIAM H. GREEN (Scholar)</p> | <p>5. PIANOFORTE SOLOS<br/>Two Concert Studies S. Liapounov<br/>1. "Nuit d'été"<br/>2. "Carillon"<br/>KATHLEEN LONG (Scholar)</p> <p>6. SONGS .. a. Lied der Mignon, I. Schubert<br/>.. b. Le baiser .. <i>Goring Thomas</i><br/>IDWEN THOMAS (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.</p> <p>7. MINIATURE SUITE for Violoncello &amp; Pianoforte<br/>First performance. F. Purcell Warren (Scholar)<br/>JOHN K. SNOWDEN (Scholar)<br/>F. PURCELL WARREN (Scholar)</p> <p>8. ORGAN SOLO—<br/>Toccata and Fugue, in D minor .. <i>Bach</i><br/>SYDNEY SHIMMIN (Scholar)<br/>Accompanist—<br/>H. ARNOLD SMITH, A.R.C.M.<br/>CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE</p> |
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Thursday, October 30 (Chamber).

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| <p>1. QUARTET for Pianoforte and Strings, in<br/>C minor, op. 15 .. <i>Fauré</i><br/>NORAH CORDWELL (Scholar), A.R.C.M.<br/>DOROTHY BOSTOCK (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.<br/>THOMAS PEATFIELD, A.R.C.M.<br/>JOHN SNOWDEN (Scholar)</p> <p>2. SONGS—a. Silent Moon R. Vaughan Williams<br/>.. b. Slow, horses, slow! Albert Mallinson<br/>ETTY FERGUSON</p> <p>3. SONATA for Pianoforte and Violin, in G major,<br/>op. 96 .. <i>Beethoven</i><br/>EDITH IVIMEY (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.<br/>JESSIE STEWART (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.</p> | <p>4. SONGS .. a. Lesbia's sparrow .. C. H. Lloyd<br/>.. b. Ah, mai non cessate Donaudy<br/>LILLIAN BURGESS (Scholar)</p> <p>5. SEXTET for Strings, in B flat, op. 18 .. <i>Brahms</i><br/>AMY S. WHINYATES<br/>MARY BLOWER<br/>THOMAS PEATFIELD, A.R.C.M.<br/>SYBIL MATORIN, A.R.C.M.<br/>HELEN BEECHING (Scholar)<br/>S. DOROTHY THULL (Scholar)<br/>Accompanist—<br/>CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE</p> |
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Wednesday, November 5 (Choral and Orchestral).

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| <p>1. OVERTURE .. The Magic Flute .. Mozart<br/>2. CONCERTO for Violin, in F major, op. 20 .. <i>Lalo</i><br/>IVY WIGMORE (Scholar), A.R.C.M.<br/>3. THE BALLAD OF DUNDEE .. Charles Wood<br/>For Bass Solo, Chorus, and Orchestra.<br/>(Conducted by the Composer).<br/>Solo—WILLIAM H. GREEN (Scholar).</p> | <p>4. SYMPHONY No. 2, in C major, op. 61 .. <i>Schumann</i><br/>Conductor—<br/>SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L., LL.D., M.A., Mus. Doc.</p> |
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## Friday, November 21 (Chamber).

1. QUARTET for Strings, in C sharp minor,  
op. 131 *Beethoven*  
ELSIE M. DUBBING (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.  
DORA GARLAND (Scholar)  
THOMAS PLATTHEAD, A.R.C.M.  
JOHN K. SNOWDEN (Scholar)
2. SONGS .. a. Weep you no more } *Roger Quilter*  
                  b. Damask roses                    *Ed. Schall*  
                  c. A Persian love-rhyme  
  MARION BIRKS
3. PIANO SOLOS -  
    a. La Solitude dans Grenade } *C. Debussy*  
    b. Jardins sous la pluie  
    ROSALIE M. STOKES (Exhibitioner)
4. RECITATIVE AND AIR—  
    If I give thee honour due  
    Let me wander not unseen (*Allegro*) *Handel*  
    LILIAN MCCARTHY (Scholar)
5. QUARTET for Strings, in E minor, op. 44, No. 2 *Mendelssohn*  
    DORA GARLAND (Scholar)  
    MARGARET STODDART (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.  
    SYBIL MATORIN, A.R.C.M.  
    MAURICE SOESTER  
    Accompanist—  
    CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE

## Friday, December 5 (Chamber).

1. QUARTET for Strings, in B flat major (K. 458) *Mozart*  
    MAUD GOLD (Scholar)  
    DOUG Houghton (Exhibitioner)  
    SYBIL MATORIN, A.R.C.M.  
    JOHN K. SNOWDEN (Scholar)
2. SONGS .. a. Wir wandelten } *Brahms*  
                  b. Der Jäger ..  
  BEATRICE S. BACHELOR
3. VIOLONCELLO SOLOS --  
    a. Minuet .. .. . *Gluck*  
    b. Allegro vivamente .. *Lancetti*  
    HAROLD MUSLIN (Scholar)
4. SONGS .. a. Liebestreu .. .. *Brahms*  
                  b. Die Rose .. .. *Schumann*  
    EDITH F. TOMS (Exhibitioner)
5. ORGAN SOLO --  
    Choral-Improvisation on "In dulci jubilo,"  
    op. 75, No. 2 .. .. *Sigfrid Karg-Elert*  
    CYRIL B. MAUDE (Scholar), A.R.C.M.
6. SONGS a. Sendung .. } *Joseph Marx*  
                  b. Die Verlassene  
                  c. Wie reizend bist Du  
                  d. Der Gefangene .. .. *A. Gretchaninov*  
    LILLIE CHIFF (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
7. QUINTET for Clarinet and Strings, in B minor,  
    op. 115 .. .. *Brahms*  
    LEO. F. DAWES (Scholar)  
    ELSIE M. DUBBING (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.  
    FRANCIS P. WARREN (Scholar)  
    SYBIL MATORIN, A.R.C.M.  
    JOHN K. SNOWDEN (Scholar)  
    Accompanists—  
    ARTHUR BENJAMIN (Scholar)  
    DOROTHY GRASON  
    HARRY H. STUBBS, A.R.C.M.

## Friday, December 12 (Orchestral).

1. SYMPHONIC POEM—  
    Don Juan, op. 20 .. .. *R. Strauss*
2. SONG Elizabeth's Greeting (*Tannhäuser*) *Wagner*  
    MARY COSGROVE PHIBBS ON
3. CONCERTO for Violin, in E minor, op. 64 *Mendelssohn*  
    MAUD GOLD (Scholar)
4. SONG Largo al factotum .. *Rossini*  
    SAMUEL MANN
5. SYMPHONY No. 2, in D major, op. 73 .. *Brahms*  
    Conductor—  
    SIR CHARLES V. SEAFORD, D.C.L., LL.D., M.A., Mus. Doc.

## Temperament

And I'll prowl, a moodier Lara  
Thro' the world, as prowls the bat,  
And habitually wear a  
Cypress wreath around my hat."—CALVERLEY.

That the world of art is full of failures, all will readily concede. Most of you who read these words are failures, whether you are aware of the fact or no. Some, perhaps, have not yet indeed had time to become real failures, but it is only a matter of time, and there is but one end in store for all: they will fail sooner or later, like the rest.

In view, then, of this melancholy truth, it were surely a desirable thing that some really great artist should warn those who are students, and others, of their inevitable end: and point out, not the road to worldly success; for that is a thing remote from art, and furnishes quite a different branch of study; but the road to true artistic greatness; which means, in the ultimate, greatness in failure.



The whole secret is locked up in one tremendous and pregnant word—Temperament. Without it, the artist is a mere broken machine. With it, he is a broken heart—surely a much greater achievement.

Temperament is a word closely allied with its fellow, 'temper,' and seems usually to mean extreme irritability. Its essence is internal and subjective; its manifestation external and objective: that is to say, the artist experiences it and others have to suffer for it. Like charity, it covers a multitude of sins. It is the grand excuse for all things.

It radiates an atmosphere and influence of delightful uncertainty—of fascinating danger; for to live with a person of temperament is to dwell in the earthquake zone of psychological experience.

It is manifested in moods as variable and capricious, as lurid and deceptive, as those of the sunset sky; it may be hidden behind walls of impenetrable and gloomy silence; it will lurk beneath the ambush of a sullen moodiness; it can flash forth in a lightning of stinging wit and bitter vituperation; smother with the belching smoke of churlish demeanour and intolerable rudeness; while oftentimes it either overflows in frothy seas of wild bohemianism and extravagant generosity, or pinches with the cold finger of a mean and miserly selfishness. All these and many others are the hydra-headed manifestations of temperament which threaten the public at the hands of the authentic artist.

From this will be seen some of the striking powers conferred by temperament upon the individual, and without which his failure is but nerveless and futile. The earnest student cannot afford to dispense with these powers, and should strive systematically to cultivate them.

As these outward manifestations have their root in inward experience, it will be well for us to study, first: how we may lay ourselves open to the widest and most useful experience; and secondly: some practical means of expression for manifestation of the powers engendered thereby.

In considering the first point, let us make our minds clear as to the type of temperament likely to confer the greatest degree of power upon the individual: *i.e.*, that which will enable him to cause the maximum of inconvenience to other people. Now, a very brief study of the human race shows us that, in view of the immense amount of general misery which forms the normal lot of man, it is far harder to affect him towards happiness than towards despair. The burden which we bear is already

so great that a little extra crushing power judiciously applied will have far deeper and more exciting results than any attempted assistance in the opposite direction. From this it will be clearly seen that the gloomy, the tragic, the over-whelming and the unpleasant inward experiences will result in the temperament likely to evolve the most efficient powers and lend itself most readily to effective manifestation. The student will therefore assiduously endeavour to look on the dark side of things; he will probe into the dim recesses of the underworld for the base and the foul facts of life; he will drag them to light and flaunt them before men's faces in place of the sublime: he must dive into every form of unwholesome experience; read decadent literature; preferably he should take drugs; night must of course be his day, and all healthy exercise and amusement should be eschewed: he must thrust the good wine from him and ever slake his thirst with the cup's bitterest dregs; he will wantonly sour his bread until it becomes the hard crust of affliction; for him, passion shall stand for spirituality; the fungus shall be his flower; the grotesque must occupy the niche heretofore sacred to beauty, and the corpse reign from the throne of the soul.

With such a luxurious Dead Sea in which to bathe, the temperamentalist will soon be impregnated with a salt that should add remarkable savour to all his thoughts, words and creations, and powerfully season his dealings with others. He will manifest his new personality in habits of irregularity; have meals at impossible times, and insist on strange meats: often refuse his food altogether and groan aloud: indulge in disagreeable fits and tempers, frequently smashing things: a putty-like pallor will overspread his face, in which the eyes should burn with unnatural brightness or set in the dull glare of the codfish. Whether he take drugs or no, he must at any rate sit about looking as if he took them--in a dejected attitude, chin sunken upon breast, with the glassy or far-away stare. A hollow cough is also useful. He should speak in a rich, deep voice, with either extreme deliberation or inspired rapidity; all his words should appear to hold a hidden meaning (some practice is necessary for this): he should trust nobody, and he must smile sadly and pityingly upon all innocent enjoyment.

These are but a few of the ways in which the first type of temperament may be manifested; and a little thought will convince the student that even with these it is possible to cause a striking amount of

inconvenience to others, and stamp your own individual failure with the hall-mark of personality.

There is but one other type of temperament of which I shall speak, and briefly : one which, though not without a beauty of its own, is, nevertheless, far milder and less aggressive than that described above. It lacks the human force and depth conferred by the delving into mud-heaps and policy of wanton soul-destruction, but gains in attractiveness and poetic mystery by a carefully calculated semblance of spirituality. It is the temperament that sacrifices the ideal of the Perfect Man for the more abstract and less difficult pursuit of Nirvana, the absorption of Prana or the accumulation of Karma : that has an idol on its American roll-top desk and burns pastilles in the drawing-room ; that swears by Omar Khayyam, bound in green calf with twenty art illustrations in colour, and has an Oriental pot of Cape-gooseberries on the shiny piano-lid. The inward experiences of this temperament are mildly ecstatic tinged with sadness ; if it be male, it smokes a great deal ; is often a partial misanthrope ; usually has had a love-disappointment, and extemporizes weirdly in the twilight.

And here the limitations of time and space forbid further dilation upon a highly interesting topic. I leave it to my readers to decide each for himself, the type of temperament it will best pay him to cultivate : but that there can be no true greatness, in the inevitable failure of art, without one or the other, is a conclusion to which both the history of the world and the observation of the writer unanimously point.

SARDONYX

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## The Royal Collegian Abroad

*" We live in an ascending scale when we live happily, one thing leading to another in an endless series."*

R. L. STEVENSON.

### LONDON

#### ORCHESTRAL AND CHORAL CONCERTS

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—At the first concert on Nov. 4, Madame Kirkby Lunn was the soloist. At the second concert, on Nov. 20, part songs by Sir Hubert Parry and Sir Charles Stanford were sung by the Oriana Madrigal Society ; Dr Vaughan Williams's Third Norfolk Rhapsody, and the Finale from Mr. Von Holst's " Oriental Suite," were included in the orchestral portion of the programme.



**QUEEN'S HALL SYMPHONY CONCERTS.**—Most people have heard by now of Sir Henry Wood's innovation—the introduction of six women into the Queen's Hall Orchestra on the same footing and at the same rate of pay as the men; but it is not so generally known that all the six are Collegians, viz: Miss Jessie Grimson, Miss Elsie Dudding (1st violins); Miss Jessie Stewart, Miss Dora Garland (2nd violins); Miss Sybil Maturin, Miss Rebecca Clarke (violas). They were selected by Sir Henry Wood from among some 50 or 60 competitors. At the second symphony concert, on Nov. 1, Sir Hubert Parry conducted a performance of his own lovely Symphony in B minor.

**NEW SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.**—Mr Landon Ronald is continuing his conductorship of the New Symphony Orchestra this season, and at the first concert, on Nov. 3, he introduced Sir Edward Elgar's "Falstaff" to London.

**PROMENADE CONCERTS.**—A large number of Collegians were happily associated with the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts this season, either as soloists or composers. Among the soloists were Mmes. Phyllis Lett, Agnes Christa, Auriol Jones, Beatrice Eveline, M. Palgrave-Turner, Bessie Jones, Messrs Campbell McInnes, Ivor Foster, Frank Webster, Hardy Williamson, and C. Warwick Evans. Among composers the College was represented by Sir Charles Stanford, Dr Walford Davies, Dr Vaughan Williams, Messrs Landon Ronald, Thomas Dunhill, Frank Bridge, Harry Keyser, Eugene Goossens, junr., and the late Coleridge Taylor.

**ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY.**—Sir Frederick Bridge is conducting this series of concerts as usual. Madame Agnes Nicholls sang in "Elijah" on Oct. 30, and Miss Phyllis Lett in "The Promised Land" (Saint-Saëns) on Nov. 27.

**THE BACH CHOIR** has gracefully expressed its thanks to the R.C.M. for the hospitality shown to it, by devoting the concert given in the College Concert Hall on Dec. 17, to the performance of Sir Hubert Parry's "Ode on the Nativity," Sir Charles Stanford's "Stabat Mater," and Dr Vaughan Williams's "Five Mystical Songs."

**LONDON CHORAL SOCIETY.**—Mr Hughes Macklin sang at the concert on Dec. 3.

**CRYSTAL PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY AND CHOIR.**—Miss Agnes Christa sang in the first performance of Edward German's New Concert Version of his Opera "Tom Jones," on Nov. 29.

#### OPERA

Mr Frank Bridge was one of the principal conductors at Mr Raymond Roze's season of Grand Opera at Covent Garden from Nov. 1 to Dec. 13.

#### CHAMBER CONCERTS

**CLASSICAL CONCERT SOCIETY.**—Bechstein Hall. Miss Beatrice Harrison appeared at the concert on Nov. 19; besides playing solos, she joined Mr Leonard Borwick and Miss Jelly von Aranyi in Brahms's C major Trio. On Dec. 10 Mr Gervase Elwes sang Dr Vaughan Williams's Song-Cycle "On Wenlock Edge." On Dec. 17 the programme was entirely modern, works by Ravel, Reger, Scriabin, Strauss, and Friskin being given. The performers included The English String Quartet and Mr D. S. Wood.

**BRITISH CHAMBER MUSIC PLAYERS.**—This new organization is under the direction of Mr Herbert Sharpe, and has already given two out of its initial series of three Concerts at Bechstein Hall (Nov. 19, Dec. 10, Jan. 28). The names of the players, Messrs Herbert Sharpe, Albert Sammons, Eugene Goossens, Thomas Peatfield, and Cedric Sharpe, guarantee excellence, and the programmes are catholic, artistic, and attractive.

**THE EGERTON QUARTET.**—This is another new organization, and it made its debut at two concerts at Steinway Hall, on Nov. 27 and Dec. 2. Miss Helen Egerton is well remembered from her student days as a clever Quartet Leader, and her second violin in this venture, Miss Helen Gough, is also a Collegian.

Mr Reginald Clarke gave an Old Time Concert in costume on Dec. 6 at Lindsay Hall, Notting Hill Gate, helped by Miss Helen McGregor and Mrs Adrian Ross.

Mr Sydney Toms's pupils were responsible for a very pleasant concert at Steinway Hall on Nov. 18. Miss Marjorie Clemens was the violinist.

#### SONG RECITALS.

Mr Plunket Greene gave a delightful Recital of English Songs on Dec. 4 at Æolian Hall, when he introduced a new Irish Song-Cycle by Sir Charles Stanford, "A Fire of Turf" (accompanied by the composer), and also sang songs by Sir Hubert Parry, Dr H. Walford Davies, and Mr Harold Darke.

Miss Florence Macnaughton and Miss Adela Hamaton gave a successful Recital at Æolian Hall on Nov. 18. An interesting feature of the programme was the performance of Dr Walford Davies's Partsongs for Four Voices, which it will be remembered were given at the College Union "At Home" last June.

Miss Norah Dawnay gave an excellently planned Recital at Bechstein Hall on Dec. 12.

Miss Muriel Foster's Recital took place at Bechstein Hall on Dec. 18.

#### PIANO RECITALS

Mr Howard Jones gave a Beethoven Recital at Bechstein Hall on Nov. 25, which included fine performances of three Sonatas. Miss Ellen Edwards gave a piano Recital with Miss May Mukle at Steinway Hall on Nov. 6.

Dr G. Coleman Young joined Mr Hans Neumann in two Piano and Violin Recitals at the Lecture Hall, Wimbledon, on Oct. 29 and Dec. 1, at the latter of which a new Sonata for pianoforte and violin by Dr Coleman Young was played.

#### ORGAN RECITALS

Mr Herbert Hodge (organist of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey), sends us programmes of the series of Recitals he gave there in September, October, and November. Amongst other things he played all the Test Pieces set for the R.C.O. examinations in January, and added to the value of this helpful scheme for intending candidates by printing a list of *errata* he had found in the published editions.

Mr Harold Darke gave three remarkably good Recitals on Nov. 15, 22, and 29, at St. James's Church, Sussex Gardens, W. The first programme was miscellaneous, the second was devoted to Choral Preludes, the third to J. S. Bach.

#### LECTURES

Miss Ethel Rayson gave four excellent Lecture-Recitals this Autumn, on "Wagner and the Ring of the Nibelungen," at 38 Hogarth Road, S.W.

#### CHURCH MUSIC

The Services held annually by the London Church Choir Association, in St. Paul's Cathedral, are always impressive, and that which took place on Nov. 13, conducted by Dr Walford Davies, more than fulfilled expectation by its dignity and beauty. Several Collegians contributed to it; the anthem had been composed specially by Dr Vaughan Williams; Sir Charles Stanford's arrangement of "The Breastplate of St. Patrick," was sung with quite wonderful effect; and Mr Harold Darke played on the organ Choral Preludes by Sir Hubert Parry and Dr Charles Wood.

Brahms's Requiem was sung under the conductorship of Mr Harold Darke on Dec. 19, at St. James's Church, Paddington, the choir being augmented for the occasion by a contingent of the Bach Choir. Dr Coleman Young played the organ.

#### IN THE PROVINCES

##### DENHOF OPERATIC FESTIVAL PERFORMANCES

The Denhof Opera Tour attracted a great deal of attention this autumn. It is a matter of pride to know that many Collegians shared in its musical triumphs. Mr Emil Kreuz was one of the three conductors; Mmes Agnes Nicholls, Gleeson-White, Clytie Hine, Muriel Terry, Wena Pickering, and Messrs Walter Hyde and Joseph

Ireland were among the principal artists; Misses Muriel Price, Winifred Parker and Sissons, were in the chorus; Mr Arthur Beckwith led the orchestra, which included Messrs Aubrey Brain, J. Garvin, W. H. Footc, Samuel Nagley and Miss E. Scruby; while Messrs Thomas Chapman, W. H. Kerridge, and C. Quirk, were among the pianists. Possibly there were other Collegians whose names we have not been able to learn. The towns visited were Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Liverpool, Newcastle, and Edinburgh; and the repertory consisted of the following operas:—"The Ring," "The Mastersingers," "Tristan" and "The Flying Dutchman" (Wagner); "Orpheus" (Gluck); "Magic Flute" (Mozart); "Pelleas and Melisande" (Debussy); "Electra" and "The Rosebearer" (Strauss). Where all the artists did brilliantly, it would be invidious to make distinctions, but two specially plucky performances may be mentioned. Madame Gleeson-White learnt and sang the part of Senta in "The Flying Dutchman" at 24 hours' notice at Newcastle, and Mr Joseph Ireland sang Papageno in "The Magic Flute" at even shorter notice in Manchester, and without being given any rehearsal at all.

#### GLOUCESTER

The College was well represented at the Three Choirs Festival this year at Gloucester, from September 7 to 12. There was the re-written and expanded version of Sir Hubert Parry's noble "Te Deum," for soloists, chorus, and orchestra, which he conducted himself; Sir Charles Stanford's new and lovely unaccompanied Motet "Ye Holy Angels Bright" (founded upon Darwell's 148th); the "Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens" for baritone, chorus, and orchestra, and a Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, by Dr Herbert Brewer, who was also principal conductor of the Festival. Madame Gleeson-White, Miss Phyllis Lett, and Mr Harry Dearth, were among the soloists.

#### LEEDS FESTIVAL

Sir Hubert Parry's "Ode to Music" and Sir Charles Stanford's Irish Rhapsody were performed at the Festival which took place in October. Among the new productions was a delicately written orchestral piece called "A Shropshire Lad," by Mr George Butterworth.

Miss Muriel Foster and Miss Phyllis Lett were among the solo singers.

#### NEWCASTLE

The Newcastle and Gateshead Choral Union gave a fine performance of Dr Walford Davies's "Song of St. Francis," and his orchestral suite "After Wordsworth," at their concert on November 26.

#### BATH

Mr Frank Tapp, conductor of the Pump-room Orchestra, produced his new symphony called "The Tempest" on November 27. Though it takes its programme from Shakespeare's Comedy, it preserves in essentials the musical design of a symphony in four movements. It was given twice in one day, that is at both afternoon and evening concerts, and a musician who heard both performances writes most favourably of the impression it created.

#### WINDSOR

The Evening Concert given by the gentlemen of the Choir of St. George's Chapel, on October 27th, at the Royal Albert Institute, must have been thoroughly delightful, judging from the programme sent us, and it contained many things of interest to Collegians. A number of songs and part songs by Dr Charles Wood were given, including one, "When Winds that Move Not," which had been specially composed for the concert. Dr Wood and Dr Harford Lloyd conducted their own compositions, the rest of the programme being under the direction of Sir Walter Parratt. Mr Albert Watson was one of the principal soloists; and Mr Martin Akerman and Mr Geoffrey Leeds acted as accompanists.

Collegians were also concerned in a concert given at the Public Hall in aid of the Parochial funds of St. Mary's Church, when Mr Cedric Sharpe and Mr Eugene Goossens played with success.



## READING

At the performance of Handel's "Messiah," given by the Reading Philharmonic Society this season, three out of the four soloists were Collegians: Miss Dora Arnell, Mr Frank Webster, and Mr Joseph Ireland.

Miss Dorothy Gurney and Miss Una Snowdon gave a Violin and Piano Recital in the Town Hall on October 29, before a large and appreciative audience. The programme included the seldom-played arrangement for violin of Brahms's Sonata in E flat, op. 120.

Mr W. H. Phelps and the Berks Symphony Orchestra gave a fine concert in aid of the League of Mercy on November 28, in the large Town Hall. From all points of view it seems to have been a success, and special praise is bestowed on the performance of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony and Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique," under Mr Phelps's baton.

## EXETER

Madame Harriet Solly and the other members of her Quartet (Miss Constance Izard, Miss Rebecca Clarke, and Miss Margaret Izard), gave a Chamber Concert again this autumn in Exeter, on November 7. The programme was most enjoyable, and included String Quartets by Debussy and Brahms, and Frank Bridge's "Miniatures" for piano, violin, and violoncello.

## TEWKESBURY

Mrs Purcell Wilson (the hon. representative of the Associated Board in Tewkesbury), has taken a prominent part in organizing the various musical activities of the district; besides her work for the Board, she conducts the Ladies' Choir, is organizing the sub-centre of the Gloucestershire Orchestral Society, and the Tewkesbury District Musical Competition, which is to be held on March 18, in the Watson Memorial Hall.

## GUERNSEY

At a Concert held at St. George's Hall, on Thursday, October 23, the College was represented by Miss D. de Jersey and Miss B. Wallace.

## IN THE COLONIES

## SOUTH AFRICA

## CAPE TOWN

Miss Anna Marsh has sent us the programme of a Pianoforte Recital she gave in the City Hall, on August 28, and in her letter she says: "I was one of the three pianists chosen to inaugurate the new Bechstein Grand which the City Council had got out from England. I had a lovely audience, and it was a delight to play to them. Since then I've also played at some Chamber Concerts, and now I've been requested to give a Beethoven Recital. . . . The music examinations are only just over, and we had Mr Waddington from Capetown. I'm glad to say he passed all my girls, and my little pupil of nine took honours in the Lower. The College of Music is flourishing, and there is some really good talent among the students. I belong to both College and St. Cyprian's School."

Subsequently Miss Marsh writes: "Miss Doris Heward's pupils have done extra brilliantly this year in the exams. (the usual annual exams, for which Professors from the R.C.M. and R.A.M. come out). Two of her pupils have Bursaries, and three took honours. So Miss Heward has beaten all the Cape Town professors of music in her teaching this year."

## CANADA

## MONTREAL

Mr Arthur Egg (ex-Montreal Scholar) returned recently to his native city to take up the post of organist at the Cathedral. He writes thus of his work:—"You will be glad to know that I like my surroundings at Christ Church Cathedral, and that prospects are bright for one doing good work in the Choir. The 50 members, of whom 12 are paid, are quite used to hard work; and at their best do really well. I miss, and long for boys, but considering the conditions in Montreal, women are greatly

superior. It's nice to find myself at home again, but 3½ years in London can't be readily forgotten, and I miss many things. Montreal is quite innocent of any orchestras, so that only when great artists come touring do we hear anything satisfying. I suppose the Choir Training Class is as popular and fascinating as ever. Although it was a sad thing to say good-bye to such a splendid class, I find those feelings overshadowed by the gratitude felt for what I learnt there. . . . My organ is large and complete, though it has certain drawbacks. The building is beautiful for sound. People patronize Organ Recitals royally, so that I am spending a lot of my time at the organ, and very little at teaching. Please let me hear occasionally how matters progress at College."

#### CALGARY, ALBERTA

Mr Wilfrid Eyre sends us an interesting letter also, in which he says:—"I write from a C.P. Railway Grading Camp at Strathmore, about 43 miles from Calgary. It is of course a rough life, but for a time it is interesting. The work here at this camp is to drive a "3 up" or 3 horses and a Dump Wagon, which collects dirt thrown up by a large plough machine, and is taken and emptied or "Dumped" on to the grade which forms the foundation on which to lay the metals. I am lucky in having to drive and look after three very good horses, which belong to the blacksmith here, and not to the C.P.R. There are about 70 men in this camp, and 200 head of horses. The tents we live in are none too habitable, and the nights at this time (October) are very cold, especially early morning at 5 o'clock, when we get up! The prairie here is quite flat. We all feed together in a large cook tent, but at mid-day we have dinner in the open, close to the works. . . . I hope the College is progressing, and that the Concerts are going successfully. I would give a good deal to attend some of them! Out here on the prairie there is naturally no music except an occasional mouth organ or accordian played in camp."

#### AMERICA

Miss Beatrice Harrison has gone to America on a Concert Tour, and is announced to play in New York with Mr Eugene D. Albert.

#### THE CONTINENT

Miss Clara Kleinschmidt is at present in Cologne, where she is studying opera, and working up a repertory.

Miss Phyllis Foster has just spent seven months studying music in Paris, and in writing to tell us of it, she adds: "I thought it might interest readers of this Magazine to know of the French family with whom I have been living. It is not always easy to find the right place, but I have been very fortunate, and any young girl wishing to go to Paris, could not do better than go to the same house—where not only can she learn good French, but, what is an added attraction, they are very musical people, and in the season the opportunities for concert-going are frequent." Miss Foster has given us the address and terms in case any enquirer would like to know them.

#### APPOINTMENTS

Dr William H. Harris has been appointed organist and choirmaster of St. Augustine's, Edgbaston, Birmingham. Dr Harris will continue to act as assistant organist at Lichfield Cathedral.

Mr Maurice Vinden has been appointed organist of the Church of St. Lawrence Jewry, E.C.

Mr Noel Hope is now Conductor of the East Grinstead Choral Society.

#### MARRIAGES

We offer our congratulations and best wishes to Mrs Seth-Smith (Miss Dorothy De Vin); Mrs Bell (Miss Dorothy Crosland); Mrs Walcot Burton (Miss Hilda Marchand); Mrs Harmsworth (Miss Grace Humphery); and Dr W. H. Harris. The last-named was married to Miss Doris Carter, at Clifton, on October 15th, Mr Harold Darke was best man, and Dr Coleman Young played the organ.

Mrs Basil Reinold (Miss Gladys Honey) has now a son.

## OBITUARY

We record with much regret the death of the Hon. Spencer Lyttelton, on Dec. 5, at his house in Hill Street, W. Though the general public will turn most to recollections of his distinguished political work, to the honour in which he was held in the domains both of science and of sport, Collegians will like to dwell gratefully on his connection with the College, his work on the Council, his keen interest in the place, his cultivated outlook on music, and his unfailing support of what was best in contemporary art. We have indeed sustained a heavy loss by Mr Lyttelton's death.

It will be a shock to past Members of the College to learn of the sudden death of Mr Broadbelt, senior, which took place at the end of the summer holidays, too late for any mention of it to be included in last term's Magazine. The actual circumstance gains an additional pathos from the fact that he had already resigned his work at College at the end of the Summer Term, owing to the serious illness of his wife, which made it desirable that he should be free to be more at home. Soon after, however, his own health gave cause for grave anxiety, and he was advised to undergo an operation. This took place on Sept. 10, and his death from heart failure followed on Sept. 16. In the Director's Address his work for the College is touched upon, and it only remains for us to recall once more the unfailing courtesy, kindness and interest that all Members of the College recollect as the characteristics of Mr Broadbelt's dealings with them, and to regret most sincerely the loss of one more of the older pillars of the College.

Miss Kate Boundy died on August 7th, and all who came in contact with her will learn the news with much regret. She was a pianist, and had also proved her abilities as a composer. Latterly she had been living in Exeter, but was in Abergavenny at the time of her death.

A correspondent writes: One of the first Members of the College, Miss Boundy, took her place with the most brilliant scholars of that time, and was, I believe, the first pupil to have a composition performed in public, i.e., her 8-part Psalm, which was sung in Westminster Abbey. As a teacher she was well known and greatly valued. She was one of the most appreciative listeners the present writer has ever met. Though keenly critical, she always tempered her criticism with justice and sympathy. As a friend she was ideal, and to her friends her loss is irreparable.

We wish to express the sympathy which Collegians feel for Mrs Comerford (Miss Margaret Clementson) on the death of her husband.

### *The R.A.M. Club Magazine*

In No. 40 of this Magazine, Mr H. Scott-Baker continues his tale of "Three Years in South Africa," and the tale includes some practical details about the incomes musicians may expect to earn there, and the expenses they are likely to incur. The accounts of his travels to Kimberley, the Zambesi Falls, Bulawayo, and elsewhere, will interest those who have never been in South Africa, and stimulate the wish to go. It is all very pleasantly written. Nine closely printed pages of "Mems. about Members" and "Club Doings," combine to tell us that the R.A.M. Club is as active as ever.

### *Review*

CHAMBER MUSIC.—A Treatise for Students, by Thomas F. Dunhill (Macmillan).

The alumni of the Royal College of Music must be proud of Mr Dunhill. Has he not written the first book of major importance on a subject which has cried out for treatment in book form for a century past, and cried



in vain? Those who wish to read what experts have written about chamber music, must explore the byways, not the highways of literature? It is only by the tedious process of hunting up references in books of general interest, in musical dictionaries, \* magazines, biographies, programme annotations, and so forth, that they are able to find what they want. Seventy years ago Oulibischeff, the Russian, wrote some able, but one-sided appreciations of the string concerted music of Mozart, whom he considered to be the predominant partner in the great triumvirate of composers, who collaborated in giving to the world a new art, the most idealistic it has yet seen. After Oulibischeff, silence.

It was reserved for Mr Dunhill first to take up the pen and provide students with a book especially adapted to their needs.

In his own words, his aims were 'to provide for the student who essays to embark upon the composition of chamber music a handbook which may be useful, in the same way that a primer or treatise on instrumentation may be helpful to a beginner desiring to compose orchestral music.' But not only has he given to the student, by the light of the chamber works of the great masters which he has passed in review, some practical hints on the technique of composition; he has added some remarks, from the purely human point of view, upon the emotions aroused by them. For instance, nineteen of Brahms's master works are dissected for their benefit, but he finds space for an appeal to the imaginative side of their nature. Speaking, for example, of the buoyant mood of the Quintet in G, he says that the first movement is 'like the exuberance awakened in youth by the bright visible gladness of a spring morning. It is the 'cello again which sings, but the mood is as diverse as the wit of man could possibly conceive. There is a thrill in the air and those caressing phrases of the violins and violas are like leaves dancing in the wind and shining in the sunlight.' The idea that chamber music is 'dry,' must be energetically combated if such music is to penetrate into the affections of the people, and this is evidently Mr Dunhill's way of thinking.

Each of the combinations used in chamber music, with a single exception, has one chapter allotted to it. That exception is naturally the String Quartet, which in interest transcends the rest; to it he has allotted three chapters, treating of (1) general principles, (2) resource and

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\*The subject of the String Quartet is touched upon with a masterly hand by Sir Hubert Parry in the article on Form contained in "Grove."

effect, and giving (3) counsel and warnings to students. Writing of the later quartets of Beethoven, he expresses the opinion that 'the sound of the Quartet is often extraordinarily empty and thin.' These be brave words with which (except perhaps in the case of the F major, op. 135), everyone will not agree. The Quartets of Dohnanyi and Hugo Wolf should, I think, have found a place in Mr Dunhill's conspectus, the former enjoying much popularity among lovers of chamber music, the latter provoking interest on the intellectual side. But with a limited space at command he has done wonders.

The chapter on Harmonics is scarcely as practical as it might be. Mr Dunhill indicates (by diamond minim) the spot for the fractional division of the string into  $\frac{1}{2}$ , and goes on to say that it is 'seldom' used. As a matter of fact it is never used in chamber music, for the good reason that the note is difficult to articulate. While to his remark that the 'resultant note can be more satisfactorily obtained in other ways' he would have done well to add a rider that the best way is by dividing the adjacent string in  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Also when making the division into  $\frac{1}{3}$  the placing of the finger a major third above the open string, though scientifically accurate, is not according to the practice of violinists. It should be placed a sixth above and played in the third position, where the note speaks more easily.

Mr Dunhill has been lavish with examples set up in music type, and has earned, in full measure, the gratitude of students of chamber music.

W. W. COBBETT.

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### Essay on A Summer Holiday.

*"From the proud margin of the Thames,  
And Lambeth's venerable towers,  
To humbler streams, and greener bowers."*—WORDSWORTH

Here is a tale of contrasts, and of what was for the writer a great joy. Good tales habitually come to an end with almost annoying regularity. One's holiday tale runs too soon to its close; yet, since its termination brings one again to a sort of Heaven of bricks and mortar in Prince Consort Road, S.W., its ending is as happy as that of the fairy-story in which the poor woodcutter's son becomes, by sheer grace of some fairy god, king of the land which gave him his humble upbringing.



My summer holiday was one of contrasts and first impressions. There is in almost everyone an intense love of change—a longing of which the extent is generally in inverse proportion to the amount of opportunities presenting themselves for new pursuits, journeys, fresh scenes, and all those conditions which constitute ‘a change.’ If the change be short it matters little. A week’s holiday is a far more vivid and vital affair than a month’s. Novelty so soon lapses into the commonplace. Now, Shakespeare is magnificent stuff; so are Bacon and bread-and-cheese; but all the more refreshing because of these, are William Morris and Severn Salmon when they come. So, too, with London—a dear friend in very truth, but of such a dominant personality that occasionally one becomes somewhat contemptuously inclined towards him, and seeks someone less obtrusive. Such is the way of human endurance in a rather small matter.

For my part, when I bade adieu to London in July, I found quiet in a sleepy Suffolk village. The contrast was so striking that it endured, and heightened the pleasure of the fortnight during which I lived there a completely lazy life, avoiding everything that showed even the slightest tendency to be musical—(as becomes a musician: in nothing is he more conventional! a very Judas he can be!)—becoming as much as possible, a villager. There were fields for the mornings, the ‘Liliputian excitement’ of the Village Market in the afternoons, the sun all day, and the dusty country roads and the stars for the warm nights. And every human being one met had the decency to say ‘Good-day,’ or ‘Good-night,’ and would have looked upon the sight of an inspired, unanswering poet, with as much pity as on an avowed lunatic. The good yokel knows neither reasons nor excuses for one being passing by another without greeting. It is significant of the country nature. Everything there in those quiet places seemed on good terms with everything else; nor waited for ‘At Home’ days to let loose their gossip. And the stone in the Roman Road never thought of vaunting its aged superiority over the gaunt intruder—the youthful Telegraph Post.

After Suffolk, a short stay in Gloucestershire—the dearest place—and days spent in the forests, or by Severn and the Wye. Last of all, the mighty contrast of Switzerland! The journey there is often hardly less interesting than the wondrous country itself. The narrow space of a railway compartment throws one hard against interesting little phases of human nature. My friend and I remember the revelations of ‘the narrow space’



during our journey from France to Switzerland. After all, man's most interesting study is man himself; and it was characteristic of youth especially that we at once passed sentence, silently, on the gentleman who came into 'our' compartment at Paris. Our verdict was as favourable as it was rash. At Paris we liked him: at Dijon we had become used to his voice, and to the conclusion that he was undoubtedly French. At Pontarlier we began to grow tired of the good man; though well-informed, he was garrulous. Later, between our gasps of delight at the sight of the Alps, he talked of opera, from a pro-Franco-Italian standpoint. Still thinking him French, we heard him denounce Wagner, and we ourselves scorned Italian insincerities. Just before Montreux he volunteered the explanation that he was an Italian!

At Montreux we were glad of a change! and delighted to spend a few quiet hours on Lake Geneva, with just the lightning and mountains for company. On the morrow we moved farther up into the mountains round Mont Blanc, and 'pitched our tent.' How pleasant to awake to a sight of Mont Blanc and the Aiguilles Rouges, after months of monotonous roofs! It was a fitting beginning to days we spent rambling we little knew whither, and cared less. Those wonderful mountains are fascinating with the fascination of invincible things, and get into one's blood as completely as do the modes. They do one the good which derives from contact with forces immeasurably stronger than one's self. But at the time we gave no thought for such things; nor for the morrow which never comes. We were out to enjoy what we saw, not to analyse the processes of the good such scenes wrought in us. Yet, when we had reached *dear* old London again, and had in twenty-four hours lived again mentally through the twenty-four delightful days in Switzerland, one great impression remained with us more than another—that the Alps made us feel vastly small! And so they did Napoleon!

HERBERT N. HOWELLS.

### The Term's Awards

#### I. COUNCIL EXHIBITIONS—(£50)

Clara M. Simons .. ..	} (Singing)	..	..	..	£9
Myfanwy Crawshay .. ..		..	..	..	£7
Dorothy C. Giles .. ..		..	..	..	£9
Anna M. Lynas .. ..	} (Violin)	..	..	..	£9
Amy S. Whinyates .. ..		..	..	..	£6
Leonard E. Minchin .. ..	} (Organ)	..	..	..	£5
Guillaume F. Ormond .. ..		..	..	..	£5

2. THE DOVE PRIZE (£13)—  
Elsie M. Dudding (A.R.C.M.) (Director's Exhibitioner).
3. THE LEO STERN MEMORIAL GIFT FOR 'CELLISTS (£5 5s)—  
James Pond (Norfolk Scholar).
4. THE LESLEY ALEXANDER GIFT (£21), between—  
Harold Muslin (Scholar)      S. Dorothy Thuell (Scholar).
5. THE MANNS MEMORIAL PRIZE (£4 10s)—  
Elsie M. Dudding (A.R.C.M.) (Director's Exhibitioner).
6. THE EDMUND GROVE EXHIBITION (£20)—  
Alice K. E. Pattenden (A.R.C.M.).
7. NORFOLK AND NORWICH SCHOLARSHIP—  
Audrey G. Calthrop (Violin).
8. THE ASSOCIATED BOARD EXHIBITIONS have been awarded to—  
Herbert D. Blanchard .. .. (Violoncello).  
Dorothy F. M. Smithard .. .. (Singing).  
Caroline H. Fotheringham .. .. (Organ).
9. The Associated Board Exhibitions held by Margaret A. M. Stoddart, Dorothy E. Bostock, Idwen Thomas, George T. Ball, Doris Houghton and Rosalie M. Stokes, have been renewed to December, 1914, and Eileen Beattie to February, 1915.

## Dates for 1914

### OPEN SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION

Preliminary Local Examinations	..	Wednesday	..	..	28th Jan.
Final Examination at College	..	..	..	..	about 18th Feb.

### A.R.C.M. EXAMINATION

Last day for receiving application forms	Monday	..	..	..	2nd March
Examination begins	..	..	..	..	20th April

### EASTER TERM

Entrance Examination	..	..	..	Monday	..	..	5th Jan.
Term begins	..	..	..	Thursday	..	..	8th "
Half Term begins	..	..	..	Thursday	..	..	19th Feb.
Term ends	..	..	..	Wednesday	..	..	1st April

### MIDSUMMER TERM

Entrance Examination	..	..	..	Monday	..	..	4th May
Term begins	..	..	..	Thursday	..	..	7th "
Half Term begins	..	..	..	Thursday	..	..	18th June
Term ends	..	..	..	Wednesday	..	..	29th July

### CHRISTMAS TERM

Entrance Examination	..	..	..	Monday	..	..	21st Sept.
Term begins	..	..	..	Thursday	..	..	24th "
Half Term begins	..	..	..	Thursday	..	..	5th Nov.
Term ends	..	..	..	Wednesday	..	..	16th Dec.